

KNAVE

VOLUME 14 NUMBER 10

HOW TO BECOME
SEXUALLY
IRRESISTIBLE

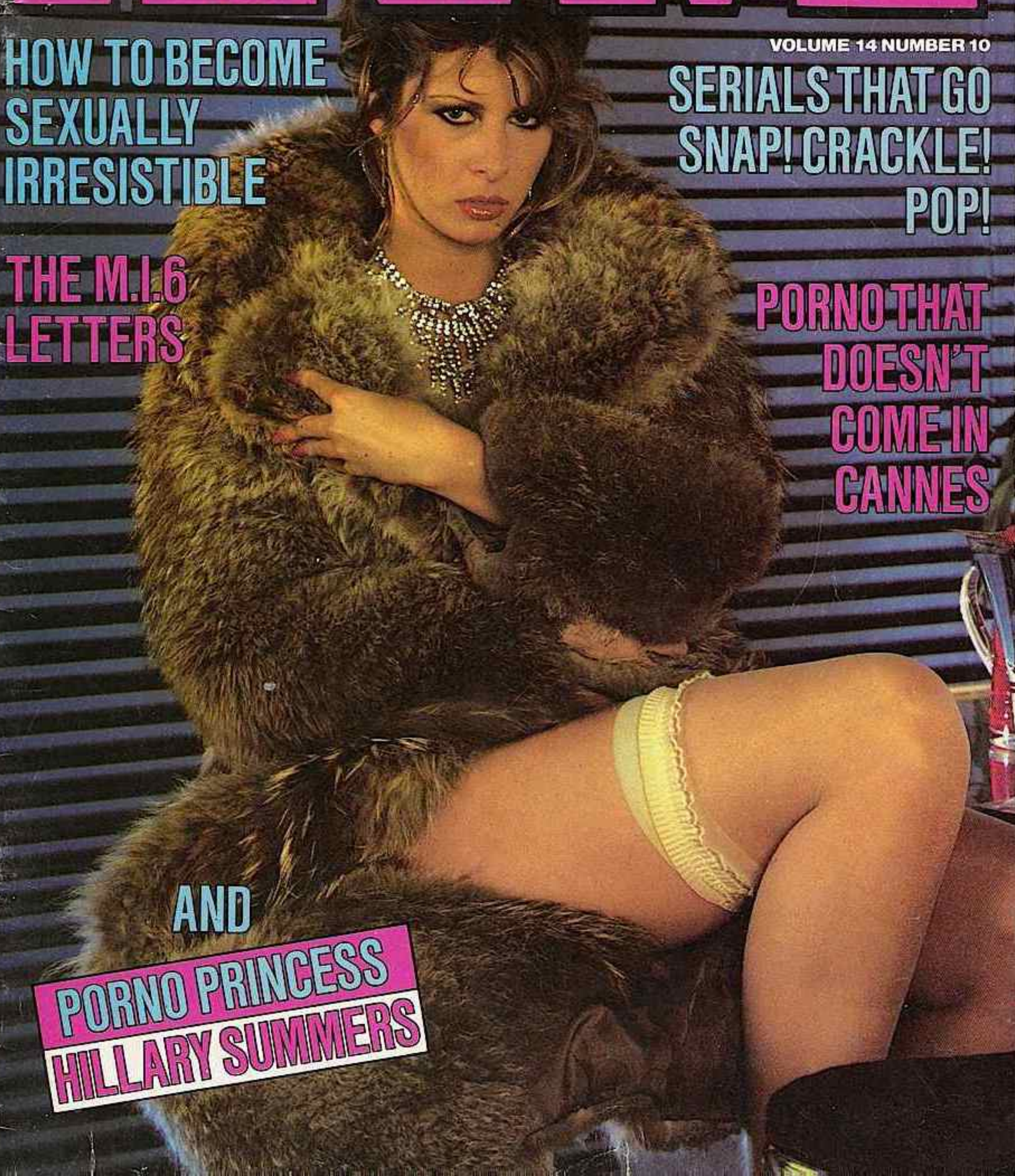
SERIALS THAT GO
SNAP! CRACKLE!
POP!

THE M.I.6
LETTERS

PORNO THAT
DOESN'T
COME IN
CANNES

AND

PORNO PRINCESS
HILLARY SUMMERS



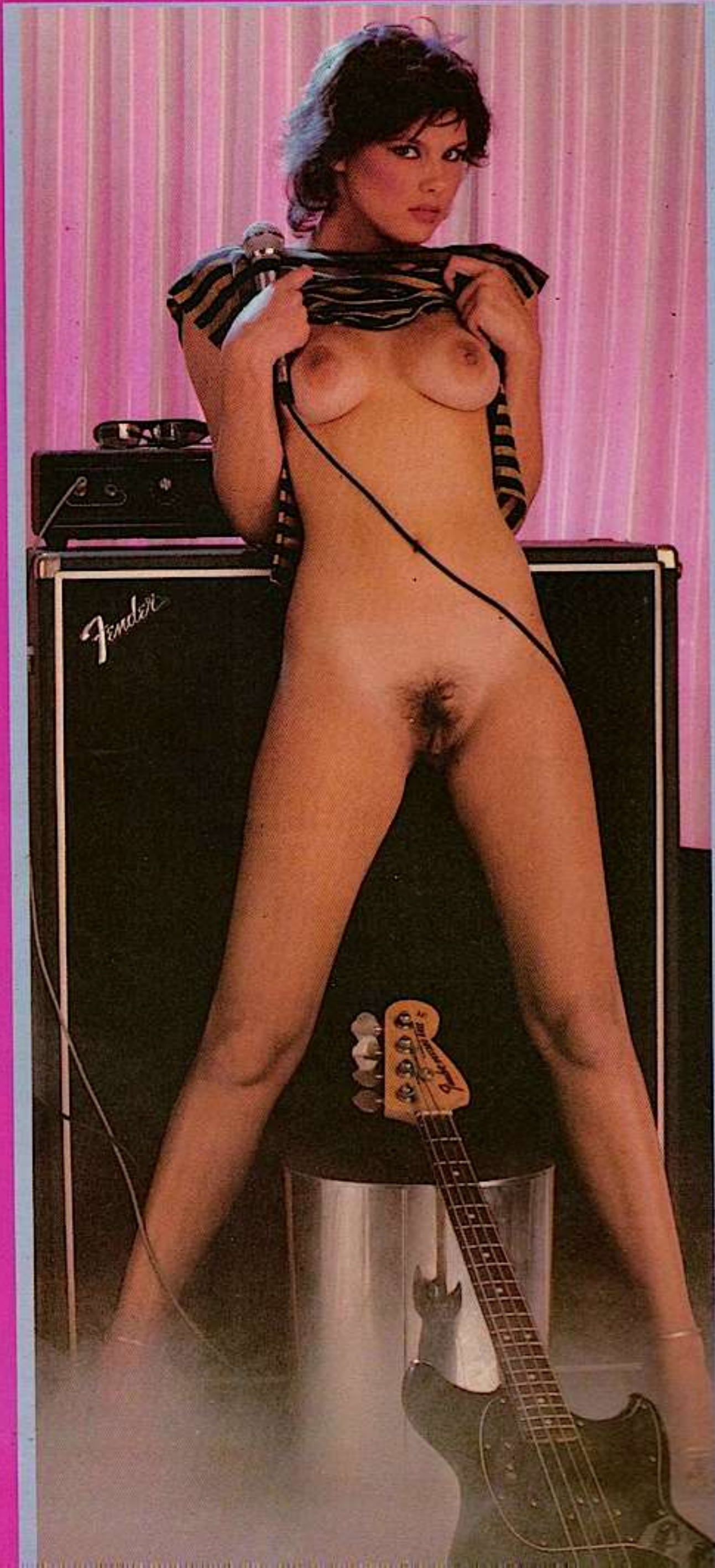
ALEXANDRA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN HICKS



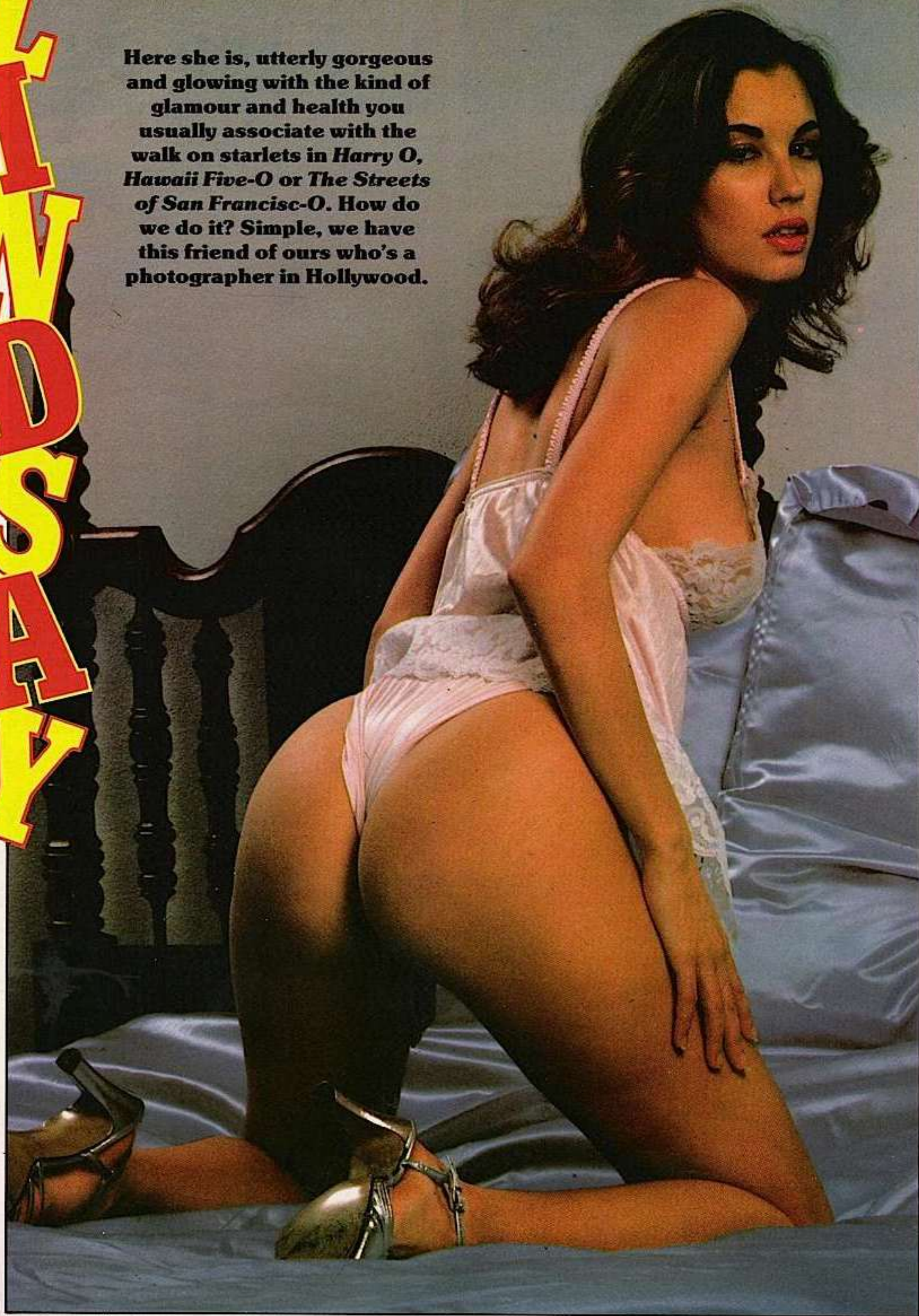


When we first photographed this young lady we called her Clara by mistake (Vol. 14 No. 4). Forget all about Clara. She prefers to use her modelling name, Alexandra. She prefers other modelling limping a bit at the moment and she's taken up with some musician chappie. Lucky swine. She tried to explain about dubbing and sounded rude, but it she give up modelling altogether? No, she likes us all too much. Isn't it that sweet!

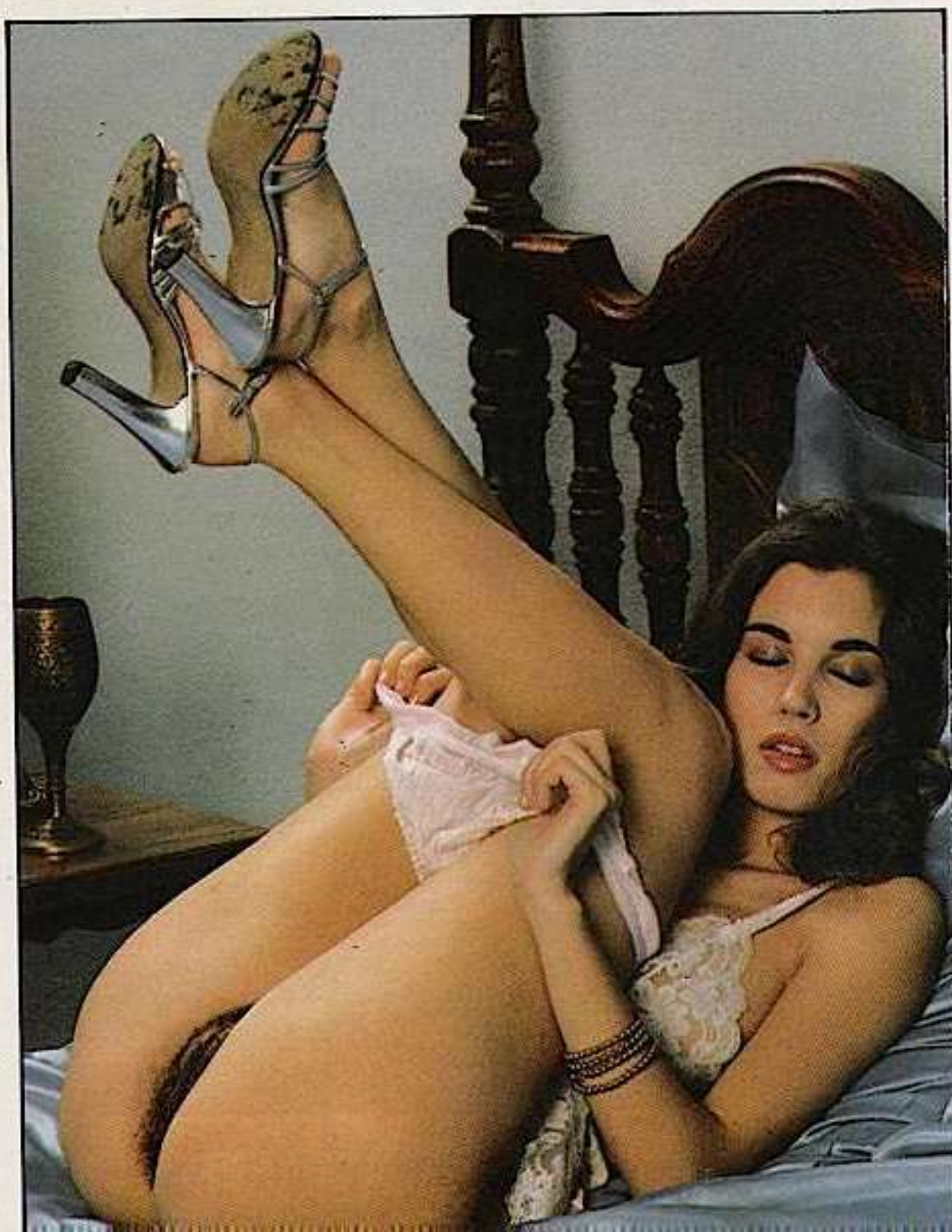




Here she is, utterly gorgeous and glowing with the kind of glamour and health you usually associate with the walk on starlets in *Harry O*, *Hawaii Five-O* or *The Streets of San Francisc-O*. How do we do it? Simple, we have this friend of ours who's a photographer in Hollywood.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST



Knee deep in lovely ladies, poor chap. Has to work round the clock to fit them all in. Lindsay is modelling while she completes her drama coaching, and to help pay for her psychiatrist. He's very fashionable at the moment and his fees have gone up. He believes in free expression and stuff. Like nude modelling to pay the increased fees. It has a certain logic to it somehow...

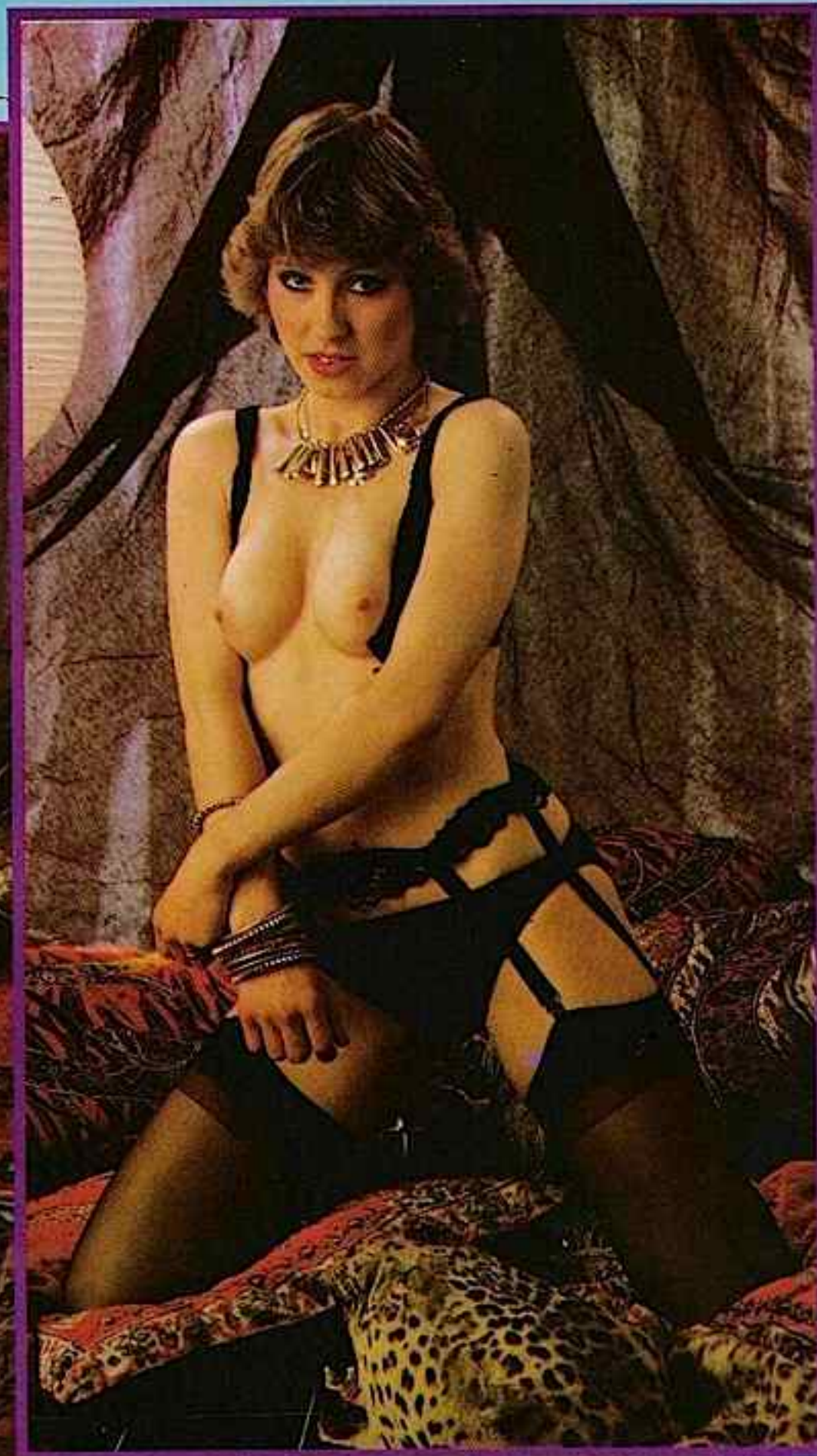




Lorna Andrews

KNAVE'S AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH

Her favourite bedside book is *The Perfumed Garden*. "I love all that 'Moon of My Delight' stuff," she insisted. "And the way it's written, going into all the most intimate details without ever sounding crude. It always makes me feel randy." Is it well thumbed? — we asked. She blushed prettily. The book! — we explained. A moment of confusion passed safely. The session started slowly and tentatively. Then, over lunch, we started swapping stories. Inevitably sex featured largely. Risqué is the word. Ribald is another one. We love it when we talk dirty. By the way girls, when you send your photos in — why not suggest a setting yourself? No promises (and no trips to Hawaii) but we'll do our best for you.

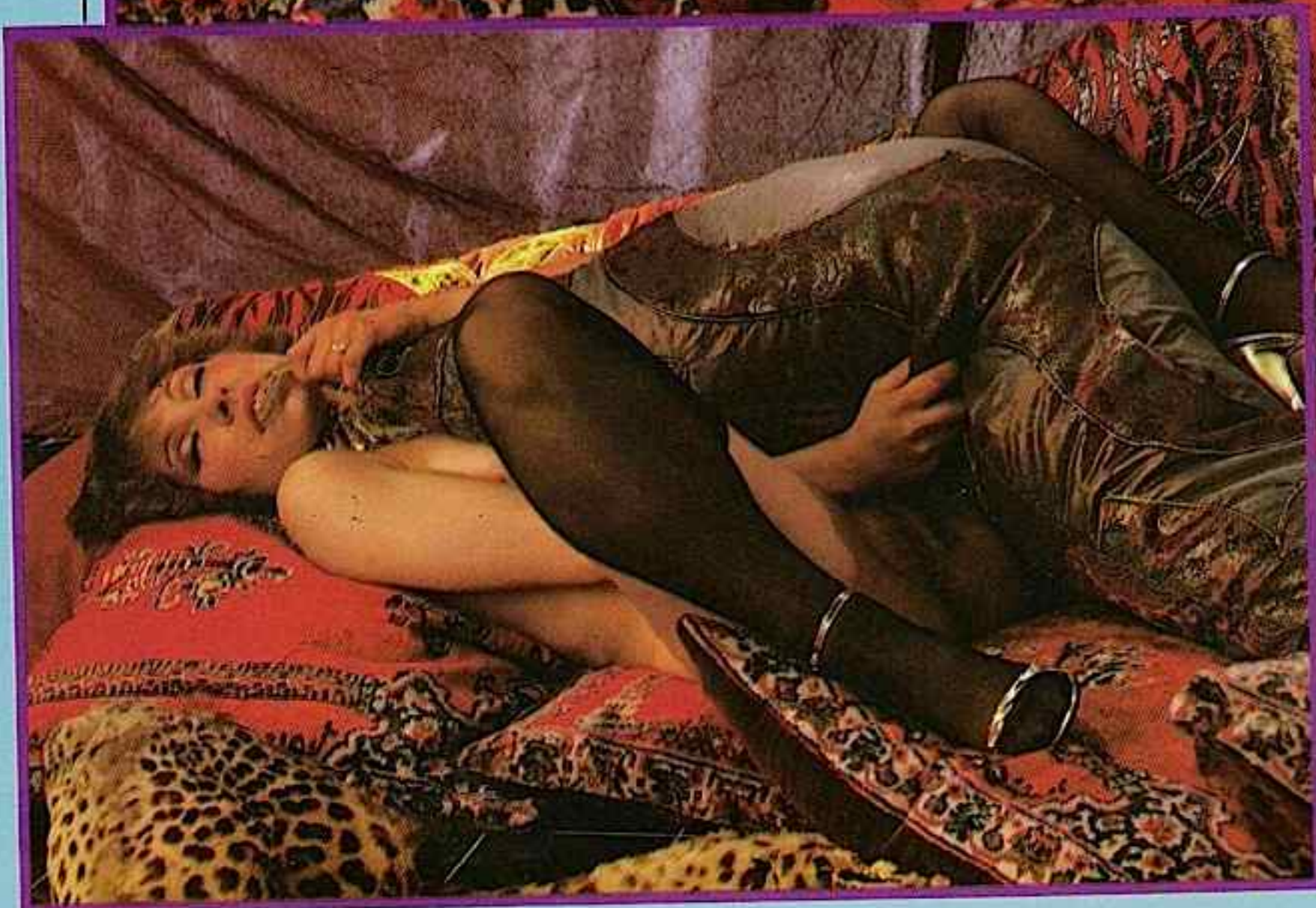






A STAR FOR A DAY

Experience a little glamour under the lights and prove you're as good as our other models. As our Amateur Model of the Month you'll be the star of a photo-session shot by a professional photographer in a fully equipped studio — and with a top make-up artist in attendance. So come on girls, send us three recent pictures of yourself (preferably nude) with your name and address included. Your modelling fee will be £150 — and there's a further £25 for the enterprising photographer who brings you to our attention. Let's hear from you **now**.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY K.K. JONES

N I G O L E

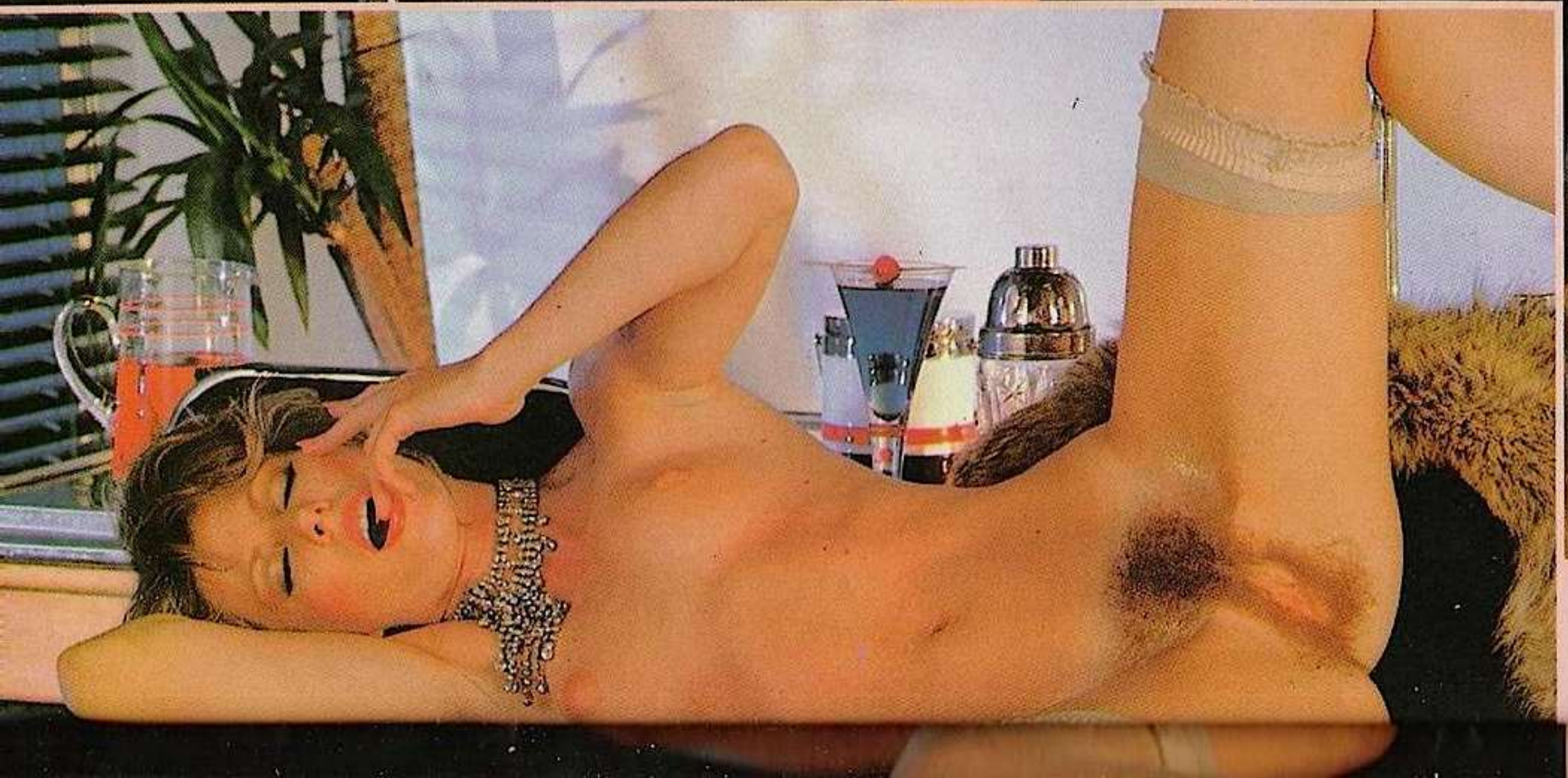


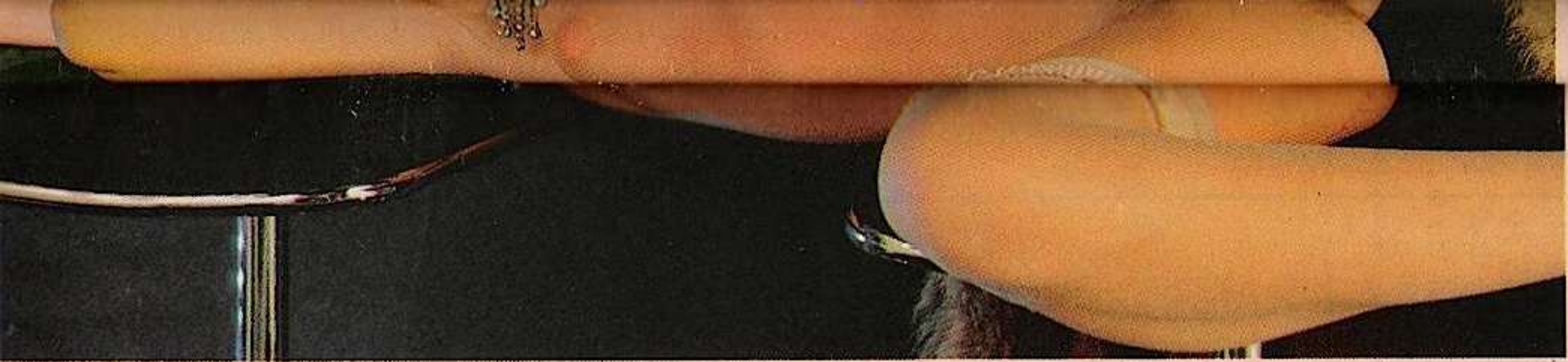


He phoned up to cancel the date half an hour ago, and Nicole had such a nice surprise lined up for him. The order of the garter and knickers to panties. And what about the fur coat? Genuine wolf, full length. Ever so tarty. She was in that sort of mood, you see. Not just, 'Let's do it with the light on' either. She really meant business. The boss left her the keys to the cocktail bar and Prince Charming said he'd meet her there when she was ready to close up. She planned the seduction meticulously. "You know you always wanted to take some naughty pictures of me," she was going to say, "well here's your chance". Then she'd smile and pose and gradually let the coat fall aside to reveal more and more that she was wearing less and less. Then maybe a cheeky grin over her shoulder and a few wanton poses with smouldering eyes. And then he wouldn't be able to restrain himself any longer and he'd tear off his clothes and... But the bubble bursts and she knows it is but a dream. And all because United are playing at home.









Sally

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARTIN TURNER

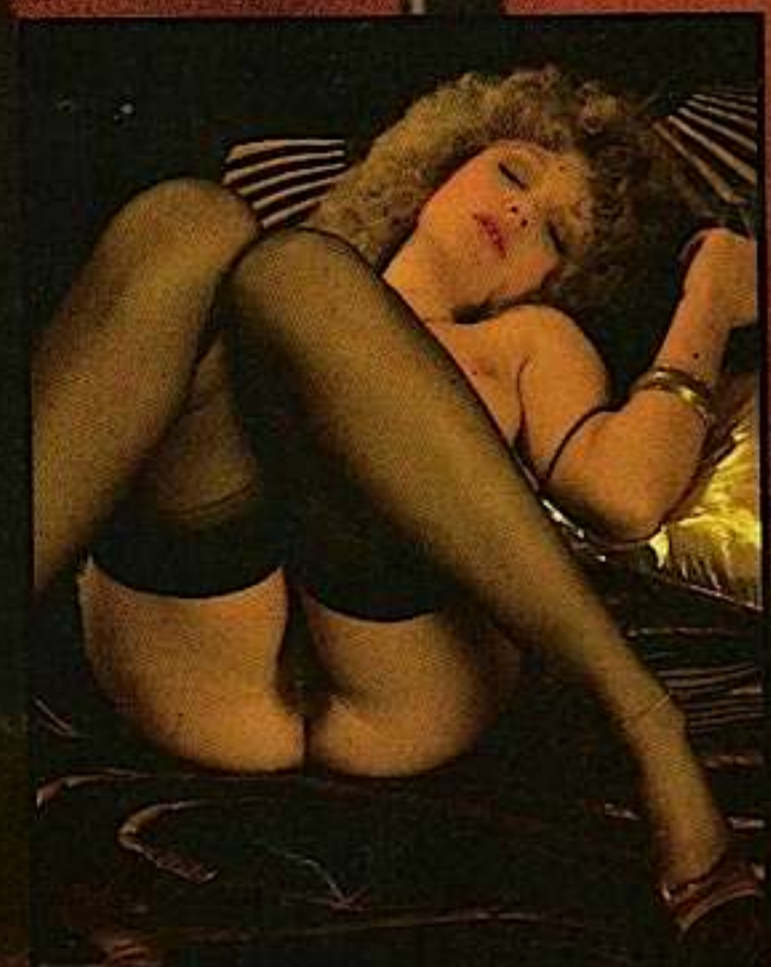
It's a bit sickening to think that anybody could be that good looking and have brains as well, but we'll forgive her. Not her fault, after all. Besides, Daddy's a bit on the rich side too, which makes her want to prove she can go it alone. Her university grant isn't enough to live on so. . . "I won't look like this for ever, so I might as well cash in on my looks while I can. When I've graduated I'll slip quietly away and get a proper job." Like what for instance? "Something in accountancy, especially computer fraud." Blink, "I might join a big bank or Inland Revenue." Gulp. "Or maybe even the of our lives just then, but we rallied. If you've ever wanted to screw the Taxman, this is your chance — mentally at least. (We don't want to get into trouble.)











SALLY
KNAVE
MAGAZINE

